

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for its exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Great is the rejoicing among the Democrats in Maine. The Bull Moose there have decided to go it alone.

And the latest gossip at Washington indicates that the czar of all the Russias was the one who put the pin in Pindell.

Surely there is no accounting for tastes. Lord and Lady Decies have begun a month's tour of the Missouri Pacific's line.

Rodman Wanamaker is figuring on crossing the Atlantic in a day in a flying boat. But between plans and a trip there is many a slip.

Individual effort along economical lines will do more to cut down the high cost of living than any and all plans that the politicians can conceive.

How did it happen that congress voted \$500,000 to fight hog cholera when the need for more battleships to participate in imaginary wars is so pressing?

If Uncle Sam is on the hunt for the best of talent, he will place Mr. Groundhog in charge of the weather bureau, or at least its forecasting department.

Of course, it may be too much to hope for any kind of action in the premises. But when congress gets through with its legislation to facilitate rural credits, the matter of easier urban credits would appear to offer a fine field for similar endeavors. The city worker is entitled to equal considerations with the farmer in the pursuit of a home of his own.

Senator Sutherland declares that the national presidential primary plan, as fathered by President Wilson, is unconstitutional. But more than that it is without the organic endorsement of the Democratic party, and is therefore out of the question for the time being, according to the standards by which the president regulates his attitude towards woman's suffrage.

It would be most appropriate, it would seem, if at the third international peace conference to be held at The Hague next year, the participating nations should assemble their navies nearby so that the conferees might have visible evidence of the unusual progress that has been made in the direction of bringing about universal peace since the last big talk-fest on the subject.

Announcement is made that when Colonel Roosevelt returns from South America he will take personal charge of the Progressive party. This is only natural, seeing as how it belongs to him body and soul. But the task won't be as burdensome as it once was. His party is far from being as large as it used to be. What he will have to say, though, about the traitors to it, should prove interesting.

Victor Murdock is the same old rampaging vic. He hasn't changed his methods or his policies a particle. But one or two of his erstwhile political friends in Kansas, men and newspapers, have at last flip-flopped around in an effort to connect with the currents that lead to office, are now shooting the harpoon of sarcastic criticism into him in great shape. It is one of the ridiculously refreshing features of the present campaign.

As the Christian Science Monitor suggests: "To be discussed intelligently equal suffrage must be discussed calmly; that is, if public interest in the discussion is to be maintained." Incidentally, it was so discussed in Kansas, prior to the flatterer endorsement it was given at the polls. And this is an effective example that the women in other states should heed, as should those who are concerned in the effort to obtain national action for their cause.

Pupils in the Dickinson high school, Jersey City, went to school from 4:30 in the afternoon to 10 o'clock at night on one occasion lately, in order that the adult members of their families might see the school plant in operation. Over 15,000 citizens took advantage of the opportunity offered to see what the high school was actually doing. The school program was carried out in the regular order, including the serving of the school luncheon about the middle of the session.

GOOD ROADS "PORK."

J. M. Lowe of Kansas City, president of the National Old Trails Road association, is decidedly on the right track in his suggestion that the newspapers lend their aid to defeat the bill recently introduced in congress by Representative Shackelford of Missouri and all other bills smelling of a good road "pork barrel" that may come up in the future.

It seems to be the case that Congressman Shackelford's bill simply provides for an appropriation of \$25,000,000 to be distributed among the states and by the states among the counties to be spent by local authorities. This, on the very face of it, Mr. Lowe believes, would amount to a ridiculous and useless waste of public money.

The share of the average middle western county would be about \$3,000, or enough to build only one mile of standard highway, but entirely sufficient to put an almost insurmountable barrier in the way of getting future appropriations for road building by the government. This amount, spent by the ordinary county court, after being divided according to political pull where it would do the most good at the August primaries, would disappear like a June frost. Some counties in Missouri and Kansas now spend ten times that sum annually on their roadways and still the people clamor for more.

Commenting on this phase of the matter, The Independence (Mo.) Examiner of recent date said editorially: "The rivers and harbors appropriations and the public building appropriations ought to be an object lesson in the way of getting future appropriations for road building by the government. This amount, spent by the ordinary county court, after being divided according to political pull where it would do the most good at the August primaries, would disappear like a June frost. Some counties in Missouri and Kansas now spend ten times that sum annually on their roadways and still the people clamor for more."

KINDERGARTENS FOR NEGROES.

Announcement is made by the kindergarten division of the United States bureau of education that a demonstration kindergarten has recently been opened for colored children at Chattanooga, Tenn., by the National Kindergarten association, co-operating with the bureau of education. It will be supported temporarily by Miss Besse Locke of New York, in memory of her mother, Jane Schouler Locke. It is believed by those familiar with Chattanooga and its people that it will be necessary to support the demonstration kindergarten there but a short time when the local people will become sufficiently interested in this important work to assume the care and maintenance of the kindergarten, thus enabling the demonstrator to go to another city to repeat the demonstration. A second one will soon be opened in another southern city, which will be maintained by Miss Elizabeth R. Wellington in memory of her mother, Mary D. Wellington.

Dr. Clayton, the United States commissioner of education, speaking of kindergartens for the colored race, has said:

"Those who know the negro best, know that he does respond to the influence of right education. If his education is to have this transforming influence, should it not be begun in early childhood? And what type of school is better fitted for the purpose than the kindergarten? The little negro is at least imitative. Which school will most probably lead him in the paths in which he should walk—for his good and ours—the school of idleness on the streets, among the dirt and filth of the negro quarters of our towns and cities, or the kindergarten with a woman of culture and consecration as a teacher? When we have done our full duty by providing for our children kindergartens and schools of all grades and kinds, when the forgotten child is remembered and the 'lost' child is brought home and redeemed, then shall we enter fully into our rightful heritage, and wealth and honor and power shall be ours beyond what we can now comprehend."

THE DIVERSIFIED DANCE.
The men and women of races spread all over the world have shown a marvelous skill and patience in imparting rhythm and music to the most unlikely, the most rebellious regions of the body, all wrought by desire into potent and dazzling images, writes Havelock Ellis, in the February Atlantic, and he continues: "To the vigorous races of Northern Europe in their cold damp climate, dancing comes naturally to be dancing of the legs, so naturally that the English poet, as a matter of course, assumes that the dance of Salome was a 'twinkling of the feet.' But on the opposite side of the world, in Japan and notably in Java and Madagascar, dancing may be exclusively dancing of the arms and hands, in some of the South Sea islands even of the hands and fingers alone. Dancing may even be carried on in the seated posture, as occurs at Fiji in a dance connected with the preparation of the sacred drink, ava. In some districts of Southern Tunisia dancing, again, is dancing of the hair, and all night long till the dancers fall exhausted, the marriageable girls will move their heads to the rhythm of a song, maintaining their hair in perpetual balance and sway. Elsewhere, notably in Africa, but also sometimes in Polynesia, as well as in the dances that have established themselves in ancient Rome, dancing is dancing of the body, with vibratory or rotatory movements of breasts or flanks."

There can scarcely be a doubt that Egypt has been for many thousands of

years, as indeed it still remains, a great dancing center, the most influential dancing school the world has ever seen, radiating its influence to south and east and north. We may perhaps even agree with the historian of the dance, who terms it "the mother-country of all civilized dancing." We are not entirely dependent on the ancient wall-pictures of Egypt for our knowledge of Egyptian skill in the art. Sacred mysteries, it is known, were danced in the temples, and queens and princesses took part in the orchestras that accompanied them. It is significant that the musical instruments still peculiarly associated with the dance were originated and developed in Egypt; the guitar is an Egyptian instrument, and its name was a hieroglyphic already used when the Pyramids were being built; the cymbal, the tambourine, triangles, and castanets, in one form or another, were all familiar to the ancient Egyptians, and with the Egyptian art of dancing they must have spread all round the shores of the Mediterranean, the great focus of our civilization, at a very early date. Even beyond the Mediterranean, at Cadix, dancing that was essentially Egyptian in character was established, and Cadix became the dancing school of Spain. The Nile and Cadix were thus the two great centers of ancient dancing, and Martial mentions them both together, for each supplied its dancers to Rome.

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Journal Entries

Frugality is another of the virtues that too few cultivate.

Humans are so peculiar. Many of them often dislike others they don't even know.

From the standpoint of the cost of her clothes and hats every woman is dear.

Attempting to shift the blame to other shoulders is a practice that is common with every one.

About the most difficult thing to do is to convince a woman she's in the wrong, or a man, either.

Jayhawker Jots

The Topeka papers say W. R. Stubbs' campaign auto has been burned, notes the Belleville Telescope, and it continues: "We'll bet a nickel it was Barnes or Penroe that did it."

The gladdest words of tongue or pen, thinks the Holton Signal, are: "Old Speckle's begun to lay again."

The Russell Record is also out with a special edition of 16 pages devoted to "Russell and Russell County of Today." It is a thoroughly illustrated work with excellent half-tones and contains much reading matter of interest concerning that wide-awake and prosperous community.

Local improvement item, in the Hill City Republican: "Dad" Harris spent his first time in twenty years for a shave last Monday morning. He has always carried a full, flowing beard but suddenly took a notion to get a good shave. He was a Tammany man, more so off came his whiskers. He left a mustache some three feet long, standing out like the horns on a Texas steer that he will keep for seed. He was wanted to grow another full crop some day.

Adam Croaker observes in the Holton Recorder: "Here is one proposition that no one will deny. Every man of the gang of thieves, hoodlums and grafters that have robbed New York of multiplied millions of dollars is a standpat Democrat or a standpat Republican. Not a Progressive in the gang, unless Sulzer might be called a Progressive."

He was a Democrat until he turned state's evidence. All of which is quite true. But it is also true that except in a few instances, the representatives of the Progressive party have never had an opportunity to connect with the New York wags.

Globe Sights

By THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

[From the Atchison Globe.]
How good a pretty good globe.

Every big business has had its jolts. How a fat woman hates to be called "portly."

Sometimes an iron safe is only a bold front.

After some people work a week they want a vacation.

People can't even agree as to what is in their minds when they are referring to baseball or the Mexican war.

Hank Tumms has given his wife a new car for his birthday present, and she will be able to do so many washings now that he can spend all his time down to the grocery store trying to keep this nation off the rocks.

Assuming the proper attitude usually means putting up the money.

However, flapping one's wings frequently is more interesting than something sensible.

Poets prattle about joys of rustic solitude, but most of them prefer to live in town.

Are you one of those who talk so much about efficiency they don't get any work done?

The average man wants a protruding chest, but many women take pride in being invalids.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]
It is twice as hard to make a good matter better than to make a bad matter worse.

If every man is the architect of his own fortune, the world is full of bum architects.

It's the unexpected that happens. Never bet on a sure thing unless you see the preparation of the sacred drink, ava. In some districts of Southern Tunisia dancing, again, is dancing of the hair, and all night long till the dancers fall exhausted, the marriageable girls will move their heads to the rhythm of a song, maintaining their hair in perpetual balance and sway. Elsewhere, notably in Africa, but also sometimes in Polynesia, as well as in the dances that have established themselves in ancient Rome, dancing is dancing of the body, with vibratory or rotatory movements of breasts or flanks."

There are times when we are all tempted to put in a good word for a fellow who isn't worth the trouble.

Blotches—"Jones is forever talking about being levitated." "Jones?" "Yes, it's a wonder he can get a hat to fit him."

Wags—"You may say what you will of Buggins, he has a lot of good in him." "Wags?" "Too bad he doesn't let a little of it out."

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, and a lot of them don't deserve to be covered," complained the Simple Mug.

Tommy—"Pop, what is a promoter?" Tommy's Pop—"A promoter, my son, is a man who makes a living by separating a fool and his money."

By the Way

By HARVEY PARSONS.

Now that Topeka is to be a port of entry, the city commission should consider the idea of municipal market houses and devote their energies toward a municipal wharf.

Cold has a tendency to shrink some metals, and a similar effect upon rubber. At least this zero stuff has a tendency to shorten a long neck worn with a low collar.

The gent who invented automatic firearms has been decorated by the King of Belgium. If you want recognition in this world, invent something that will make living a more serious problem for the innocent bystander.

Oscar Swayze, having been designated the finder of lost persons, will kindly keep an eye peeled for the old fashioned woman who made her own place instead of buying them from a dry goods store, and frescoed the lids with a cake knife.

The old picture of Tom Marshall resembles E. E. Kelley, but they are not alike. Kelley, a street car conductor, enjoys a measure of prominence.

Rev. Hans Schmidt says he is satisfied with the verdict. Which makes it unanimous.

Another disadvantage in connection with zero weather is the effort to look serious when someone says he enjoys it.

There is an explanation for nearly everything, but as yet no one has suggested a reason for the fact that the objection to a divorce from Madame Schumann-Hunk. She refused to be his meal ticket two years ago.

If a five-year-old kid got correct answers to all his questions, and remembered the answers, he would not have to spend 16 years of his life in acquiring the Higher Education.

All this world is not sad and dreary—at least not all the time. Every once in a while Bill Allen White nominates some whitehorse for a job on the Bullmoose ticket. May he even weather or cracked lips cannot prevent a wave of mirth from splashing over our fair land.

The smallpox scare at K. U. is over, and a majority of the co-eds have quit limping.

Polk Daniels has a batting average of .999 in the Sunday School league, having missed but one session in four years. Mrs. P. Daniels' recipe for getting him up in time on Sunday morning would be appreciated by the Sunday School league. May he even spring it in her justly celebrated column, and fill a L. F. W.

On the Spur of the Moment

By ROY K. MOULTON.

The Fever.
Jones and his wife they got the fever, They tongsies night and day, They tongsies to dinner, they tongsies to lunch.

They could walk no other way, They tongsies to the baby cab, They tongsies across the street; They didn't dare go to a funeral For they couldn't control their feet.

The craze struck Jones hard. He tongsies to work, He tongsies tongsies surely raised him; He tongsies around the office all day, And danced himself out of a job. He has risen to wealth, he has risen to fame.

In a very short time, you'll allow, For he and his wife are in constant demand, They give tango lessons now.

Afterthoughts.
Secretary of Agriculture Houston says five seed distribution is useless. But it is about the only advertising some congressmen have had.

King Alfonso's aunt has opened a beauty shop in Paris. She might begin by practicing on her nephew.

It would be easy just now for some transatlantic line to interest Huerta in a Mediterranean tour.

It is said the new buffalo nickels look cheap. Yes, six of them look like 30 cents.

According to Uncle Abner.
There are too many fellers in this world who make their dyspepsia their religion.

There are a lot of "good" men who are not good for very much else.

One thing we never see any more is the good old-fashioned buckwheat cake which was brown on both sides.

If all the loafers in this country had to go to work there probably wouldn't be enough work to go round.

It always pays to be honest. If it doesn't pay you it pays somebody else.

When anybody speaks about the federal income tax, he is talking about the federal income tax.

Hank Tumms has given his wife a new car for his birthday present, and she will be able to do so many washings now that he can spend all his time down to the grocery store trying to keep this nation off the rocks.

Hod Peters of this town was held up last Thursday evening by two bold highwaymen near his home and was robbed of one pound of creamery butter.

Constable Ezra Hand is at work on the case and home talent is suspected.

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THE MOTHER.

I am the pillars of the house;

The boys and the girls and the men.

Take me away, and roof and wall

Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth,

I am the light of the good sun.

Am the heat that warms the earth,

Which else were colder than a stone.

At me the children warm their hands;

I am their light of love alive.

Without me cold the hearthstones stand,

Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am the twist that holds together

The knot of love, from whose close tangle

No lost child goes a-wandering.

I am the house from floor to roof.

I deck the walls, the board I spread;

I am the downy pillow under head.

And shake the down to be their bed.

I am their wall against all danger.

Their door against the wind and snow.

Thou whom a woman laid in manger,

Thou whom the child has grown to love—

—Katherine Tynan, in the Living Age.

The Evening Story

The Shortest Distance.

(By Richard B. Shelton.)

There was a jam at the crossing. Traffic squad officer held up an automobile arm. Street cars and motors slowed down or came to a halt.

On the outskirts of the jam Eleanor Vance sat in the slow-crawling limousine and watched the many moving lights in the great March crowd. The lights inside the limousine had not been switched on, for Eleanor in these rides upon a fond of watching the moving lights in the streets and on the sidewalks, and with the light off she could see very much better.

Slowly the limousine threaded its way into the waiting jam and then came to a full stop.

Scarcely had it done so when the door was pulled open, a big young man, muffled in the chin in a heavy coat, got out and seated himself on the cushions beside her. She could not get a good glimpse of his face, but, since he might be any one of a hundred or so young men, the girl greeted him with a smile.

"Oh, hello, Tom, or Bob, or Billy, or Fred! Or is it Harry, or Jimmy, or Dick?"

"Jimmy is right," said the new-comer.

"Jimmy?" she said rather coldly. "I know only one Jimmy—that's Jimmy Vance. You're much too big for him."

"Mr. Jimmy, just the same," said the man beside her.

At that moment the traffic squad man waved his arms again and all about them the various vehicles began to move. With the five Eleanor's limousine crawled across the intersection of street and went whirling away uptown.

Eleanor calmly reached for the switch and turned on the light. She was not in the least alarmed; she was curious. Nor did she any more than stiffen slightly when she beheld the muffled young man beside her was an utter stranger.

The flashing up of the lights above their heads disclosed two things to her—that he was perhaps thirty and that he was extremely good looking. Despite his rather hard eyes and the clean-cut, powerful jaw, there was about the mouth a hint of gentleness, even tenderness.

"Dad," he said at him very coldly as she said quietly: "For your sake, I shall assume this is a mistake, and will let it go at that."

She reached for the speaking-tube to bid him to chauffeur stop. But this unbidden guest by her side reached out a hand, and somehow he contrived, without seeming to be unduly rude, to take the tube from her hand.

"I'll admit I'm an utter stranger and that this isn't a mistake," said he quietly. "But I'd like to explain before I get out."

"I've come," he said, without overmuch enthusiasm or encouragement. "I'm Jimmy, all right," said he; "Jimmy Barrows, of—of—oh, anywhere. Most any place I've been, but the capability for patient, unrelenting, unremitting effort is a developed and not a natural quality in the human animal."

"Do you mean I fall to appreciate that there are times when one gets the best results by giving up a piece of work over which one has grown stale and nervous, working on something else for a while, or, if possible, going out for a breath of fresh air, and then coming back with renewed energy for the difficult task. I most emphatically appreciate that fact, and I think there are a great many people who are more with less use of energy if they knew when to let up on themselves. But on the other hand, I think there are a great many who are too easy on themselves, who don't know when to let up, and who are too easy on themselves."

"There's a terrific cop on this next corner," he said. "You might have me thrown out of here for annoying you."

Eleanor bit her lips. "It won't be necessary," she said. "You'll be out of here, with no fuss whatever, I'm sure."

The muscles about that fighting jaw tightened. "Not until I've told you the whole story," said he. "You'll be out of here, with no fuss whatever, I'm sure."

"No," said she, with spirit. "Don't make the mistake of thinking I'm a child of you."

"Goodness! I hope not!" said he. "I'll tell you the whole story."

"Have I any other alternative?" he shrugged his shoulders. "The only alternative is to tell you the whole story."

"Then say whatever you have to say—and say it quickly."

He smiled quite at his ease, apparently. "As I say, I'm Jimmy Barrows, of—of—oh, anywhere. Most any place I've been, but the capability for patient, unrelenting, unremitting effort is a developed and not a natural quality in the human animal."

"I'm not interesting you!" he ended suddenly.

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